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Some Sense and a

"THUNDERIN'."

(Sign for the Rainwater Barrel.)

Git the rainwater barrel in its place,
Git the waterspout — hurry — be quick!
We'll have a barrel of nice rainwater,
Fer 'tis thunderin' ter beat Old Nick.

Go coop the chickens and the window pull down,
Then hurrah for a barrel of rain!
Termorrer is washin' day—Monday—yes,
Then hurrah and hurrah again!

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But it didn't rain! It all played out!
Still the clouds and the dust just flew;
And they tuk the barrel to—we don't know where—
So maw looked awfully blue!

Yes, maw said 'twould rain, and paw follered suite,
And the signs were "all right on the roll;
And the soupland prophet said, "siklone, siklone!"
And the goose bone had "hunted a hole!"

Now a moral is plain: Be wise at home;
Hevin's wisdom is free at yer doors.
Ef yer'll study the skies as yer study the fields
The weather gods would soon be yours.

And the rainwater barrel wouldn't stan' out
With its rusty hoops ajar,
Without enny water, waitin' fer rain,
When the peeple all filosofers are.

—B. F. Bradbury.

CITATION (AGLC STYLE)

Pontiac Daily Leader (online), 29 Jan 1908 4 <https://infoweb.newsbank.com/apps/news/document-view?p=AMNEWS&docref=image/v2%3A1445538BA224821D%40EANX-NB-1969B66505B6D1CE%402417970-196973AD0CBB5BE6%403-196973AD0CBB5BE6%40>

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